





K. Lovellchild (Jr) W. P. Read 13 C. 6
MISCELLANY

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

FOR

YOUNG PERSONS.

DESIGNED

PARTICULARLY for the AMUSEMENT

OF

SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSHALL, No. 4, Aldermay
Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, and No. 17, Queen-Street,
Cheapside.

MISCELLANY

IN

THOSE AND VERS



PARTICULARLY FOR THE AMUSEMENT

SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

LONDON:
Printed and sold by JOHN LANKAST, No. 4, Abchurch-lane,
Church-Yard, Bow-lane, and No. 17, Queen-street,
Chancery.

I
S
T
T
T
N
P
C
T
F
T
V
B
N
C
M
R
M
T
M
G
N
S

C O N T E N T S.

P R O S E.

	Page
PRAISE	1
Spring	2
The Lamb	4
The Strawberries and Currants	7
The Bird's Nest	9
Noon	15
Presence of God	24
Commentary on Matt. vi. 25, &c.	29
Take no Thought	ib.
Further Commentary on Matt. vi. 25, &c.	30
Take no Thought, <i>Mrs. Trimmer</i>	ib.
Vegetables	33
Birds their Singing, the first Music	37
Nightingale	ib.
Cattle	39
Music and Conversation	41
Rural Meditation on Insects	43
Meditation upon Gnats	ib.
The Works of Nature	46
Mrs. Lovechild's Character of Family Magazine	49
God's Family	51
Night	58
Supreme Being	66

C O N T E N T S.

V E R S E.

Page

T HE Bird's Nest	13
To a Boy with a Bird's Nest	15
God the Friend of the Poor	18
The God of Nature Worshipped	19
God known by His Works	20
Hymn of Thankfulness	21
The Call to Church—Bells	23
God is the Giver of all Things	25
Hymn for Boys and Girls to Sing	26
Fear of Poverty	28
Take no Thought for the Morrow....	} 29
Version of Matt. vi. 25, &c.,	
Birds—Flowers	31
The Stray Sheep	32
A Rural Meditation	38
Hymn—Beauty Short-lived	41
Short Hymn	42
Hymn—First Almighty Cause	44
Hymn—The Call of Gratitude	45
Address to Young Women in a Flower Garden	47
Passage in Proverbs versified	49
Hymn	54
The Happy Country Maid	55
Psalms cxxxiii	ib.

V E R S E.

Worldly Anxiety Reproved.....	56
Psalm-singing.....	58
The Wise Shepherd.....	61
The Lord is my Shepherd.....	64
Birds sing His Praise.....	65
Sonnet—Birds.....	ib.
.....	60
.....	61
.....	63
.....	65
.....	66
.....	68
.....	70
.....	71
.....	72
.....	73
.....	74
.....	75
.....	76
.....	77
.....	78
.....	79
.....	80
.....	81
.....	82
.....	83
.....	84
.....	85
.....	86
.....	87
.....	88
.....	89
.....	90
.....	91
.....	92
.....	93
.....	94
.....	95
.....	96
.....	97
.....	98
.....	99
.....	100

MISCELLANIES, &c.

PRAISE.

COME, let us praise God, for he is exceeding great; let us bless God, for he is very good.

He made all things; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night.

He made the great whale, and the elephant; and the little worm that crawleth on the ground.

The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade.

The brooks and rivers praise God, when they murmur melodiously amongst the smooth pebbles.

I will praise God with my voice; for I may praise him, though I am but a little child.

A few years ago, and I was a little infant, and my tongue was dumb within my mouth:

And I did not know the great name of God, for my reason was not come unto me.

B

But

But now I can speak, and my tongue shall praise him; I can think of all his kindness, and my heart shall love him.

Let him call me, and I will come unto him: let him command and I will obey him.

When I am older, I will praise him better; and I will never forget God, so long as my life remaineth in me.

SPRING.

COME, let us go forth into the fields, let us see how the flowers spring, let us listen to the warbling of the birds, and sport ourselves upon the new grass.

The winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout.

The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid beneath the shade.

The young goslings are running upon the green, they are just hatched, their bodies are covered with yellow down; the old ones hiss with anger if any one comes near.

The

The hen sits upon her nest of straw, she watches patiently the full time, then she carefully breaks the shell, and the young chickens come out.

The lambs just dropt are in the field, they totter by the side of their dams, their young limbs can hardly support their weight.

If you fall, little lambs, you will not be hurt; there is spread under you a carpet of soft grass, it is spread on purpose to receive you.

The butterflies flutter from bush to bush, and open their wings to the warm sun.

The young animals of every kind are sporting about, they feel themselves happy, they are glad to be alive,—they thank him that has made them alive.

They may thank him in their hearts, but we can thank him with our tongues; we are better than they, and can praise him better.

The birds can warble, and the young lambs can bleat; but we can open our lips in his praise, we can speak of all his goodness.

Therefore we will thank him for ourselves, and we will thank him for those that cannot speak.

Trees that blossom, and little lambs that skip about, if you could, you would say how good he is; but you are dumb, we will say it for you.

We will not offer you in sacrifice, but we will offer sacrifice for you, on every hill, and in every green field, we will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE Betty Mean was the daughter of a poor shepherd. One fine morning she carried her breakfast into a lane which ran close by her father's house; and sitting down at the foot of a bank, placed her porringer of milk on her lap; and began to dip her brown bread, which she was eating with an excellent appetite—a carrier came past; he was driving twenty live lambs to market in a cart, jumbling along; while the poor little animals, heaped one upon another, with their legs tied, and their heads drooping, filled the air with their sorrowful bleatings: these dismal notes went to the very heart of little Betty; though the carrier heard them without pity. When he came up to her, he flung a poor little lamb before her that he was carrying by the heels upon his shoulder. There, child, cried he, there's a good-for-nothing beast for you, that has just died to cheat me of

of a crown. Take it, if you will, and make yourself a feast with it.

Betty immediately left off eating her breakfast; and putting the porringer and the bread on the ground, took the lamb in her arms, and looked at it with the utmost compassion. Poor little creature! cried she; yet why should I be sorry for you. To-day, or to-morrow they would have taken a great knife and cut your throat; and now, instead of that you have nothing more to go through.

While she was talking to it in this manner, the lamb, growing warm again in her arms, began to open it's eyes and move, and made a faint bleating cry, as if pining for it's dam. It would be difficult to describe little Betty's joy at the sound of it's voice. She wrapped it up in her mantle, then covered it over again with her petticoat, and bent her neck almost down upon her knees to keep it warmer, breathing, at the same time, with all her might, into it's nostrils. By little and little she felt the poor animal revive, and her own heart beat with joy every time it shewed any signs of life. Encouraged by this success, she rolled up some crumbs in her hands, put them into her portinger, and taking them out with her fingers, contrived, though not without some difficulty, to force them between it's teeth, though they were shut very close. The lamb, who was only

dying from want, felt itself a little strengthened by this nourishment: she now began to stretch out her legs, and shake her head and her tail, and perk up her ears, and soon after, she was so much better as to stand upon her feet; and then, seeing the porringer with little Betty's breakfast, she went and drank out of it herself to the great delight of the little girl. In short, a quarter of an hour had hardly passed, before she was so well recovered, as to cut a thousand capers round her new little mistress. Betty, in a transport of joy, took her in her arms, and running with her into the cottage, shewed her to her mother. Little Ba-lamb, as she now called her, became from this time the object of all her cares. She always shared with her the bread and milk she was allowed for her own meals, and she would not have parted with this one little lamb, for the largest flock of sheep in the village. Ba-lamb was so grateful for her kindness, that she was never a step distant from her. She would eat out of her hand, and frisk for ever round about her; and whenever Betty was forced to go out without her, the most plaintive bleating spoke her sorrow at the parting. The pity and good-nature of Betty, however, had still a greater recompence. Ba-lamb was soon the mother of several little lambs; who, in their turn, grew the mother of more: so that

that in a few years Betty had a very pretty flock of sheep, entirely her own; which fed the family with their milk, and supplied them with cloaths from their wool.

The STRAWBERRIES and CURRANTS.

ARTHUR had often been told by his father, that children know little or nothing of what is fit for them; and that they can never grow wise but by following the advice of those who are older than themselves. But this was a lesson which he was unwilling to understand, or else which he did not remember.

A division had been made of a little square piece of ground in the garden between his brother Philip and himself; and each was to manage his own half just as he pleased.

Philip immediately recollected his father's instructions. He went, therefore, to the gardener, and said to him, Robert, be so good as to tell me what I can plant in my little garden, and how I must manage to make things grow in it.

Robert gave him some roots, and picked him out some of his best seeds. Philip flew to put them in the earth, and Robert had the

the good-nature to overlook and to direct his proceedings.

Arthur shrugged up his shoulders at his brother's compliance. Should you like, said the gardener, that I should do something for you?

Oh! to be sure, cried Arthur, I have great need of your advice!

He then went himself and gathered some flowers, and planted them by the stalks in the ground; while Robert left him wholly to himself.

The next morning Arthur went to visit his flowers, and saw them all drooping, withered, faded, and bending down to the earth. He instantly, however, planted more in the same manner; but he saw, the next day, that they had shared the same fate.

He soon grew weary of this work, it was paying rather too dear for the pleasure of having flowers in his garden. He ceased, therefore, to take any trouble about it, and the ground was quickly covered with thistles and weeds.

About the latter end of the next spring, he perceived upon his brother's ground something red, that seemed budding in the midst of thick circles of green. He went to examine it, and found the finest Strawberries, beautiful in their colour, and delicious in their

direct their taste. O dear! cried he, if I had but planted some of these in my garden!

Not long after, he observed some little round things, of a deep vermilion, hanging in bunches between the leaves of a thick bush. He instantly went up to them. They were currants, so fine, ripe, and inviting, that only to look at them might create an appetite. Ah! cried he again, if I had but planted some of these, too, in my garden!

You may eat of them as freely as if they were your own, said his brother.

It was in your own power, said the gardener, to have had some equally good. So pray take care for the future not to despise the advice of persons who have had more experience than yourself.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

MOTHER! mother! cried little Simon, one evening, as quite out of breath, he ran up to his mother; only look what is in my hat!

MOTHER.

Hey day! a little bird! and where did you get it?

SIMON.

SIMON.

I found a nest this morning in the garden hedge, so I waited till it was night, and then I crept softly to the bush, and before the bird was aware, pop! I caught it by the wings.

MOTHER.

And was it alone in it's nest?

SIMON.

Oh, no, mother! all it's children were there too; but they are such little things they have no feathers yet: so they cannot get away.

MOTHER.

And what would you do with this bird?

SIMON.

Tom giddy has given me a cage, I shall put the bird in that.

MOTHER.

And what will become of the poor little ones?

SIMON.

Oh! I shall take them too, and feed them myself; I'll run for them directly.

Mr. Steady (his father's landlord) who had overheard the discourse, then called to him—
"Simon!" and caught hold of him.

SIMON.

SIMON.

Sir!

Mr. STEADY.

Where is your father? that I may have him taken into custody.

SIMON.

Dear Sir! what has he done?

Mr. STEADY.

No matter for that—and you, and your sister, I shall make you both my prisoners.

SIMON.

O dear, O dear!—what will you do with us?

Mr. STEADY.

You shall be confined in the little chamber over the tool-house, and never be allowed to go out of it.

SIMON.

How cruel!

Mr. STEADY.

You will have no harm done to you: you will have meat and drink every day: you will only be robbed of your liberty, and of the pleasure of seeing your mother again.

Simon fell a crying.

Mr.

Mr. STEADY.

What ails you, Simon? Is it so great a mischief to be shut up in a room, where you will have all the necessaries of life?

Simon sobbed too much to speak.

Mr. STEADY.

I shall only treat your father, your sister, and yourself, as you treat this poor bird and his little ones, if, therefore, you would be unhappy, do you not suppose the birds would be the same?

SIMON (*still crying.*)

Oh!—I'll go and let the bird fly directly—the bird flew joyfully away: Good boy, said Mr. Steady—you have now done as you would be done by: you shall none of you be confined: I only wanted to make you understand how ill you were acting, in wishing to imprison this poor little creature. Just as you were terrified yourself when I threatened to seize and put you in prison, this bird was terrified when you robbed him of his liberty. You little considered how the husband would have pined for his wife; how the children would have cried for their mother, and how afflicted they must all have been by such a separation.

MOTHER.

MOTHER.

I am sure this did not enter his mind, or certainly he would never have taken the bird: is it not true, my dear?

SIMON.

Yes, indeed mother; for I never thought about all that.

Mr. STEADY.

Well, think of it then in future, and forget not that those innocent little creatures were made to enjoy their liberty, and that it is very cruel to fill their short life with misery and sorrow. But, to remember it better, you shall get by heart some verses which I will send to your mother.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

YES, little nest, I'll hold you fast,
And little birds; one, two, three, four;
I've watch'd you long, you're mine at last
Poor little things! you'll 'scape no more.

Chirp, cry, and flutter as you will,
Ah! simple rebels; 'tis in vain;
Your little wings are unfledg'd still;
How can you freedom then obtain?

C

What

What note of sorrow strikes my ear?
Is it their mother thus distressed?
Ah! yes—and see, their father dear
Flies round and round, to seek their nest,

And is it I who cause their moan?
I, who so oft in summer's heat,
Beneath yon oak have laid me down,
And listen'd to their song so sweet?

If from my tender mother's side,
Some wicked wretch should make me fly;
Full well I know 'twould her betide,
To break her heart; to sink; to die,

And shall I then so cruel prove,
Your little ones to force away?
No, no;—together live and love;
See, here they are—take them I pray.

Teach them in yonder wood to fly,
And let them your soft warbling hear;
Till their own wings can soar as high;
And their own notes may sound as clear,

Go, gentle birds; go, free as air!
While oft again in summer's heat;
To yonder oak I will repair,
And listen to your song so sweet,

To a BOY with a BIRD's NEST.

MISCHIEVOUS imp, return thy prize,
For hear'st thou not the mother's cries?
Bereft of all a parent's joy
To please the folly of a boy.
Reflect, and think of future years;
A father's cares, a mother's fears;
Think, that perhaps some foreign foe
May keep thy captive son in woe.
Feel for a bird as for thyself,
And quickly yield the ill-got pelf;
The nest restore, and place secure;
And nature kindly will allure
The frightened mother to her brood;
She'll hear their plaints, and bring them food:
Whilst thou shalt gain the prize of worth,
A conscience clear: and live in mirth.

NOON.

COME, let us go into the thick shade, for
it is the noon of day, and the summer sun
beats hot upon our heads.

The shade is pleasant and cool: the
branches meet above our heads, and shut

out the sun, as with a green curtain: the grass is soft to our feet, and a clear brook washes the roots of the trees.

The sloping bank is covered with flowers: let us lie down upon it; for all things are still, and we are quite alone.

The cattle can lie down to sleep in the cool shade, but we can do what is better; we can raise our voices to Heaven; we can praise the great God who made us. He made the warm sun, and the cool shade; the trees that grow upwards, and the brooks that run murmuring along. All the things that we see are His work.

Can we raise our voices up to the high Heaven? Can we make Him hear who is above the stars? We need not raise our voices to the stars, for He heareth us when we only whisper; when we breathe out words softly with a low voice. He that filleth the Heavens is here also.

May we that are so young, speak to Him that always was? May we that can hardly speak plain, speak to God?

We that are so young, are but lately made alive; therefore we should not forget His forming hand, who hath made us alive. We that cannot speak plain, should lisp out praises to Him who teacheth us how to speak, and hath opened our dumb lips.

When

When we could not think of Him, He thought of us; before we could ask Him to bless us, He had already given us many blessings.

He fashioneth our tender limbs, and causeth them to grow; He maketh us strong, and tall, and nimble.

Every day we are more active than the former day, therefore every day we ought to praise Him better than the former day.

The buds spread into leaves, and the blossoms swell to fruit; but they know not how they grow, nor who caused them to spring up from the bosom of the earth.

Ask them if they will tell thee? bid them break forth into singing and fill the air with pleasant sounds.

They smell sweet; they look beautiful; but they are quite silent: no sound is in the still air; no murmur of voices amongst the green leaves.

The plants and the trees are made to give fruit to man; but man is made to praise Him who made him.

We love to praise Him, because He loveth to bless us; we thank Him for life, because it is a pleasant thing to be alive.

We love God, who hath created all beings; we love all beings, because they are the creatures of God.

We cannot be good, as God is good, to *all* persons *every where*: but we can rejoice, that every where there is a God to do them good.

We will think of God when we play, and when we work; when we walk out, and when we come in; when we sleep, and when we wake: His praise shall dwell continually upon our lips.

HYMN.

God the Friend of the Poor.

I.

PRAISE to the sov'reign of the sky,
Who from His lofty throne
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls such souls his own.

II.

The haughty sinner He disdains,
Tho' gems his temples crown:
And from the seat of pomp and pride
His vengeance hurls him down.

III.

On His afflicted pious *Poor*,
He makes His face to shine;
He fills their cottages of clay,
With lustre all divine.

Among

IV.

Among the meanest of Thy flock,
 There let my dwelling be,
 Rather than under gilded roofs,
 If absent, Lord, from Thee.

V.

Poor and afflicted tho' we are,
 In Thy great name we trust;
 And bless the hand of sov'reign Love,
 Which lifts us from the dust.

 HYMN.

The God of Nature Worshipped.

I.

HAIL, King supreme! all wise and good!
 To Thee our thoughts we raise,
 While nature's beauties, wide display'd,
 Inspire our souls with praise.

II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
 Thy works engage our view;
 And, while we gaze, our hearts exult,
 With transports ever new.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
 Which gilds the gloom of night!
 And decks the rising face of morn,
 With rays of cheering light.

The

IV.

The sunny hill, the dewy lawn,
 With thousand beauties shine;
 The silent grove, and awful shade,
 Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

V.

From tree to tree a constant hymn,
 Employs the feather'd throng;
 To Thee their chearful notes they swell,
 And chaunt their grateful song.

VI.

Great nature's God, still may these scenes
 Our serious hours engage;
 Still may our grateful hearts consult
 Thy works instructive page.

 H Y M N.

God known by His Works.

I.

NATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
 God the Creator and the King;
 Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
 Deny the tribute of their praise.

II.

Begin to make his glories known,
 Ye angels, that surround His throne;
 Exalt your strains, and spread the sound
 To the creation's utmost bound.

ALL

III.

All mortal things of meaner fame
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing His honours and our joys.

IV.

Yet, mighty God! our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach Thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN.

OF THANKFULNESS.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the views, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal worth,
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my ravish'd heart?
But Thou can'st read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless step I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feard than than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss,
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful Friend
Hath doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand gracious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Thro' all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

THE CALL TO CHURCH;

OR,

The Church Bells.

COME, come to me, the meek Redeemer cries;
Come, come to Christ, the echoing bell replies:
Come, all ye weary, all ye heavy prest;
Your burdens bring, and I will give you rest:
Awake my soul, leave thy soft bed and home;
And answering say—I come, dear Lord, I come.

PRESENCE

PRESENCE OF GOD.

BEGIN and end every day with God. In all companies, and in all places, remember the presence of God: walk continually as under the view of His all-seeing and observing Eye: often considering that God is every where present: and then you will study to be every where holy.

That God is present in all places: that He sees every action; hears all discourses; and understands every thought, we are assured by Himself in the Holy Scripture.

If men would always actually consider, that God is the great *Eye* of the world; always watching over our actions: and an ever-open *Ear*, to hear all our words: and an unwearied *Arm*, to crush a sinner into ruin: it would be the readiest way in the world to make sin to cease from among the children of men: and for men to approach to the blessed estate of the Angels in Heaven, who cannot sin, for they always walk in the presence of God, and behold His face.

Let every thing you see represent God to your mind; which will lead you to act always as in His presence.

In

In the face of the sun you may see God's beauty: in the fire you may feel His heat warming: in the water His gentleness to refresh you: He it is that comforts you when you have taken cordials: it is the dew of Heaven that makes your field give you bread.

Every Blessing is the Bounty of God.

God is ever with us. In our going out and coming in, he is with us to preserve us: in our recreations to restrain us: in our public actions to applaud or reprove us: in our private to observe us: in our sleeps to watch us: in our watchings to refresh us: and if we walk with God in all His ways, as He walks with us in all ours, we shall find perpetual reasons to enable us to keep that rule of God: "Rejoice in the Lord always."

God is the Giver of all Things.

FROM Him the fruits receive their blushing pride;
By Him in all their various hues

The gaudy flow'rs are dy'd:
His bounty with the ev'ning's gentle dews,
And morning gales, the verdant fields renews.

D

HYMN

HYMN

For Boys and Girls to Sing.

HAST thou beheld the glorious sun,
Through all the skies his circuit run,
At rising morn, at closing day,
And when he beam'd his noon-tide ray?

Say, did'st thou e'er attentive view
The evening cloud or morning dew?
Or, after rain, the watery bow
Rise in the east, a beauteous show?

When darkness had o'erspread the skies,
Hast thou e'er seen the moon arise,
And with a mild and placid light,
Shed lustre o'er the face of night?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
And view'd the field and waving grain,
The flow'ry mead, the leafy grove,
Where all is melody and love?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
And heard the restless ocean roar,
When, rous'd by some tremendous storm,
The billows rose in dreadful form?

Hast thou beheld the light'ning stream,
Thro' night's dark gloom with sudden gleam,
While the bellowing thunder's awful sound,
Roll'd rattling thro' the heav'n's profound?

Hast

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
The fleet shower, the biting hail;
Beheld white snow o'erspread the plains,
The water bound in icy chains?

Hast thou the various beings seen
That sport along the valley green,
That sweetly warble on the spray,
Or wanton in the sunny ray?

That shoot along the briny deep,
Or under ground their dwellings keep,
That thro' the gloomy forest range,
Or frightful wilds and deserts strange?

Hast thou the wond'rous scenes survey'd,
That all around thee are display'd,
And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
To HIM who bade these scenes arise?

'Twas GOD who form'd the concave sky,
And all the glorious orbs on high,
Who gave the various beings birth,
That people all the spacious earth.

'Tis HE that bids the tempest rise,
And rolls the thunder thro' the skies;
His voice the elements obey;
Thro' all the earth extends His sway.

HIS goodness all HIS creatures share,
But Man is HIS peculiar care;
Then, while they all proclaim HIS praise,
LET MAN HIS VOICE THE LOUDEST RAISE.

FEAR of POVERTY.

DREAD'ST thou lest we should ever feel
 Want's chilling blasts and freezing pow'r?
 Say, can mankind their bosoms steel
 'Gainst those who shiv'ring stand,
 Beneath affliction's shower?

What tho' our pittance be but small,
 And helpless babes look up for bread,
 The PROVIDENCE that cares for all,
 A table for us still will spread.

Should we become Diseases' prey,
 And in our veins fierce fever rage,
 On Sickness' pillow Hope will lay
 Some cordial drops that will those cruel ills assuage.

GOD's fear preserve, ye just and pure;
 And live from dread of want secure.
 The strengthful Lion's tawny brood
 With thirst and penury* of food
 Are stung; but who in God confide
 Shall find their ev'ry wish supply'd.

* Scarcity.

TRUST

TRUST IN GOD.

Being a Comment on Matt. vi. 25, &c.

TAKE no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on: Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Thought here means over anxious thought and fear of want, as mistrusting Providence, and doubting the blessing of God upon our honest industry.

See Poor Man's Innocent Recreation, page 21.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt His doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all, your scanty stores afford,
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
 Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
 While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
 And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
 Say, does not life it's nourishment exceed?
 And the fair body it's investing weed?

Nourishment means your food.

Investing weed means garments.

The last two lines are to remind you that God who gives you the greatest blessing *Life*, will not fail to give you *food* and *cloathing* if you trust in Him: He has promised His blessing to honest Industry; we should therefore go on chearfully in the path of duty, and depend upon His promise that we shall not want whatever is necessary to support that Life which He vouchsafes to continue to us.

Why take ye thought (*over anxious thought*) for raiment? consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, &c. not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

The servant of God may depend upon the
blessing of Providence upon his honest en-
deavours.

God giveth to the beast his food: and to
the young ravens that cry.

Who provideth for the raven his food?
When his young ones cry unto God for lack
of meat, they find it.

Consider the ravens.

Behold the fowls of the air; your hea-
venly Father feedeth them: are ye not much
better than they?

Behold, and look away your low despair;
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland, and the pleasing song;
Yet,

Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends His eye
 On the least wing that flits along the sky.
 To Him they sing, when spring renews the plain,
 To Him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
 Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:
 He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
 And, with unparing bounty fills them all.

If God so clothe the grass of the field,
 which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into
 the oven, shall he not much more clothe
 you, O ye of little faith?

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven He feeds;
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads;
 Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?
 Is He unwise? or are ye less than they?

THE STRAY SHEEP.

I have gone astray like a Sheep.

THINE eyes in me the sheep behold,
 Whose feet have wander'd from the fold;

That,

That, guideless, helpless, strives in vain
To find it's safe retreat again :
Now listens if perchance it's ear
The Shepherd's well-known voice may hear ;
Now, as the tempests round it blow,
In plaintive accents vents it's woe.
Great Ruler of this earthly ball,
Do Thou my erring steps recall.

Christ is our Shepherd—We are His
Sheep.

When we do amiss we stray from His fold.
The devil is a Wolf—ready to devour those
who straggle from their Leader—Christ: who
is Almighty to protect and defend all them
who trust in Him, and obey Him.

VEGETABLES.

Come, let us walk abroad; let us talk of
the works of God.

Take up a handful of the sand; number
the grains of it; tell them one by one into
your lap.

Try if you can count the blades of grass
in the field, or the leaves on the trees.

You

You cannot count them, they are innumerable; much more the things which God has made.

The fir groweth on the high mountain, and the grey willow bends above the stream.

The thistle is armed with sharp prickles; the mallow is soft and woolly.

The hop layeth hold with her tendrils, and claspeth the tall pole; the oak hath firm root in the ground, and resisteth the winter storm.

The daisy enamelleth the meadows, and groweth beneath the foot of the passenger; the tulip asketh a rich soil, and the careful hand of the gardener.

The iris and the reed spring up in the marsh; the rich grass covereth the meadows; and the purple heath-flower enliveneth the waste ground.

The water-lilies grow beneath the stream; their broad leaves float on the surface of the water: the wall-flower takes root in the hard stone, and spreads it's fragrance amongst broken ruins.

Every leaf is of a different form; every plant hath a separate inhabitant.

Look at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that are trodden in the green path. The hand of *man* hath not planted them; the sower hath not scattered the

the seeds from his hand, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade.

Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb; in shaking bogs, and deep forests, and desert islands: they spring up every where, and cover the bosom of the whole earth.

Who causeth them to grow every where, and bloweth the seeds about in winds, and mixeth them with the mould, and watereth them with soft rains, and cheriseth them with dews? Who fanneth them with the pure breath of Heaven; and giveth them colours, and smells, and spreadeth out their thin transparent leaves?

How doth the rose draw it's crimson from the dark brown earth, or the lily it's shining white? How can a small seed contain a plant? How doth every plant know it's season to put forth? They are marshalled in order; each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank.

The snow-drop and the primrose, make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh, they say, here we are! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months.

Every plant produceth it's like. An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn; nor will

will a grape stone produce cherries; but every one springeth from it's proper seed.

Who preserveth them alive through the cold of winter, when the snow is on the ground, and the sharp frost bites on the plain? Who saveth a small seed, and a little warmth in the bosom of the earth, and causeth them to spring up afresh, and sap to rise through the hard fibres?

The trees are withered, naked, and bare; they are like dry bones. Who breatheth on them with the breath of spring, and they are covered with verdure, and green leaves sprout from the dead wood?

Lo! these are a part of His works, or a little portion of His wonders.

There is little need that I should tell you of God, for every thing speaks of Him.

Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on it's leaves.

Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind.

They all speak of Him who made them; they all tell us, He is very good.

We cannot see God, for He is invisible; but we can see His works, and worship His footsteps in the green sod.

They that know the most, will praise God the best: but which of us can number half His works?

BIRDS.

BIRDS.

THE music of Birds was the first song of thanksgiving which was offered on earth, before man was formed. All their sounds are different, but all harmonious; and all together compose a choir which we cannot imitate.

If these little choristers of the air express their gratitude by chanting, in their way, the praises of their MAKER and PRESERVER; how ought Christians to blush, if for so great blessings as they have received, they pay not their tribute of thanksgiving!

NIGHTINGALE.

He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have often done, the clear airs, the sweet escants, the natural risings and fallings, the doubling and redoubling of the Nightingale's voice, might well be lifted above earth; and say, Lord, what music hast Thou
E provided

provided for thy saints in heaven, when
Thou affordeſt bad men ſuch muſic upon
earth!

See Poor Man's Innocent Recreation, page 17: Price 2d,

A RURAL MEDIATION.

SEE in the tuneful groves and flow'ry field,
Nature a thouſand various beauties yield!
The daiſy and tall cowſlip we behold,
Array'd in ſnowy white, or freckled gold.
The verdant proſpect cheriſhes our ſight,
Affording joy unmix'd, and calm delight;
The foreſt walks and venerable ſhades,
Wide-ſpreading lawns, bright rills and ſilent glades,
With a religious awe our ſouls inſpire,
And to the Heav'ns our raptur'd thoughts aſpire;
To Him who ſits in Maſteſty on high,
Who turn'd the ſtarry arches of the ſky,
Whoſe word ordain'd the ſilver Thames to flow,
Rais'd all the hills, and laid the vallies low;
Who taught the nightingale in ſhades to ſing,
And bade the ſky-lark warble on the wing;
Makes the young ſteer obedient till the land,
And lowing heifers own the milker's hand;
Calms the rough ſea, and ſtills the raging wind,
And rules the paſſions of the human mind,

CATTLE

CATTLE.

EXCELLENT are thy ways, O God; and wonderful are the effects of Thy Providence!

Oh! teach us in all things to consider Thee; that we pass not by unnoticed Thy bounteous gifts.

The strong ox is given unto man to prepare his food, and assist him in his labours.

He patiently endureth the yoke, and obeyeth the voice of his driver: he laboureth with incessant pains; and meekly receiveth his reward, the portion allotted him for his support.

The cow fleeth not from the abode of man, but plentifully supplieth him with food, and returneth with her burthen at the appointed hour.

Why seek they not the woods, and to range at large with the beasts of the forest?

Why do they not forsake man; and leave his habitation desolate?

Lo! the swift horse, also, is obedient, and unmindful of his power and might.

The fearful sheep hearken to the voice of their shepherd, and follow him who leadeth them forth to pasture.

They yield their wool to the shearer; and their lives for the service of man; and fulfil the ends that God hath appointed for them.

Faithful is the shepherd's guard: a pattern of fidelity to man.

He preferreth his duty to life itself; and suffereth not the approach of the thief and robber.

Watchful and sincere; sportful and affectionate; chearing the heart of his master.

From his hand he receiveth, with eager joy, the bounty destined for his support.

The food of man is not with-held from him: he is an emblem of the wide extent of mercy; while sinners are healed and live, by the word of God; and dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their master's table.*

Who commanded all these to obey man, and to submit themselves to do his pleasure?

The lion and the tiger refuse to be tamed: the ox and the dog want not strength or power to resist man's will.

But God hath created these for man; and hath made them subservient unto him.

* Matt. iv. 4, and xv. 26.

O let the servants of God be thankful:
let them adore His name.

Let them give Praise, and Glory, and Honour,
to the Lord Almighty, who liveth for ever.

Musick and Conversation are two things by
which the mind of man receiveth much good;
or a great deal of harm. They who make
God and His wonderous works the subject of
both, enjoy a heaven upon earth. And they,
who do in reality love their Saviour, will al-
ways find themselves inclined to sing to Him,
and to talk of Him.

HYMN.

BEAUTY SHORT-LIVED.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their filken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
And fearless of the ev'ning cold.

Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch't by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away,

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth it's pride of beauty shews ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If Heaven must recompense our pains ;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN.

THEE, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes ;
Thee, when sweet declining day
Sinks in purple waves away ;
Thee will I sing ; O God above
And teach the world to praise and love.

MEDITATION.

MEDITATION

Taken from the Family Magazine.

WHAT a cloud of gnats is here! Mark their motions! They do nothing but play up and down, and sting the first hand or face they seize upon.

See here a perfect emblem of *Idleness* and *Detraction*; how many do thus miserably spend their good hours, who after they have wasted succeeding days in vain and unprofitable pastime, sit down and backbite their neighbours.

The bee *sings* too sometimes, but she *works* also: and her work is not more admirable than useful: but these foolish gnats do nothing but play and sing to no purpose. Even the busiest and most active spirits require some recreation; but to make a trade of sport is lazy wantonness.

HYMN.

HYMN

To the FIRST ALMIGHTY CAUSE.

THE active lights that shine above
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.

The blushes of the morn confess
That Thou art far more fair;
When in the east it's beams revive
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers, owns, from Thee
Their pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And water's murm'ring fall,
To praise the FIRST ALMIGHTY CAUSE
With diff'rent voices call.

In vain the dusky night retires,
And fullen shadows fly:
In vain the morn with purple light
Adorns the western sky.

In

In vain the gaudy rising sun
The wide horizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,
And cheers the dewy fields.

In vain! unless my SAVIOUR's face
These gloomy clouds control;
And dissipate the fullen shades
That press my drooping soul.

HYMN.

The Call of Gratitude.

HOW cheerful along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear,
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,
The herbage that spring from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and love.

The Lord who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise;
My soul shall be given to God.

THE

THE WORKS OF NATURE.

ALL the works of nature are capable of giving us both instruction and delight.

No book is so learned and compleat as that of nature, and our Saviour Himself has instructed us in the use of it.

Our Lord's allusions to the *Birds of the air*, and *lilies of the field*, are very beautiful, and teach us to derive instruction from the objects that surround us. When, therefore, we behold the feathered race flying with constant gaiety from place to place; and hear them chant forth their melodious songs from tree to tree; let us remember to place our confidence in the same beneficent Being, who provides for their necessities; and imitate, as far as is consistent with our condition, their cheerfulness.

When we admire the beauty of the flowers, which no human art can equal, let us remember, that they are thus adorned by *our CREATOR*; who knoweth that, from the constitution of our bodies, we have need of clothing, and will certainly furnish us with the means of procuring it. We should therefore lay aside *anxious cares* for future provision,

vision, and resolve to discharge every religious and moral duty, which is pleasing in the sight of God; not doubting, but that, if it is our lot to *toil* and *spin*, He will bless our industry; or whether to *sow* or *reap*, He will give an increase. Let us, therefore, take a moderate care of what God bestows from day to day; and be liberal to our fellow creatures according to our circumstances; then we may depend on the promises of God declared by His *Beloved Son*, that He will bestow on us all things needful in this present world, and inestimable treasures in the world to come.

Mrs. Trimmer's Sacred History.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG WOMEN

In a Flower Garden.

SEE the charms of your person eclipsed by the lustre of these little flowers; and the frailty of your state represented by their transient glories.

When snows descend, and robe the fields
 In *winter's* bright array;
 Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
 And weeps itself away.

When

When *spring* appears, when violets blow,
And shed a rich perfume;
How soon the fragrance breathes it's last,
How short-liv'd is the bloom!

Fresh in the morn the *summer rose*,
Hangs with'ring ere 'tis noon;
We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleasure gone.

With gliding fire, an evening star
Streaks the *autumnal* skies;
Shook from the sphere, it darts away;
And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheek
And sparkle in the eye:
So from the lovely finish'd form
The transient graces fly,

To this the *seasons*, as they roll,
Their attestation bring:
They warn the fair; their ev'ry round
Confirms the truth I sing.

Apply your thoughts to Religion,
Attend to the *one thing needful*;
Believe in, and imitate the Blessed Jesus,

PASSAGE IN PROVERBS.

THY mother honour—for her arms
Secur'd thee from a thousand harms ;
When helpless hanging on her breast,
She sooth'd thy infant heart to rest ;
For thee, her peace, her health destroy'd ;
For thee, her ev'ry pow'r employ'd :
Thoughtful of thee, before the day
Shot thro' the dark it's rising ray ;
Thoughtful of thee, when fable night
Again had quench'd the beams of light :
To Heaven, in ceaseless pray'r for thee,
She rais'd her hand and bent her knee.
Despise her not, now feeble grown,
O make her wants and woes thy own :
Let not thy lips rebel ; nor eyes,
Her weakness, frailty, years despise.
From youthful insolence defend :
Be patron, husband, guardian, friend.
Thus shalt thou sooth in life's decline,
The mis'ries that may once be thine.

Family Magazine.

This Mrs. Lovechild took from the Family
Magazine—a publication well calculated to
F answer

answer it's intention of *counteracting the pernicious tendency of immoral books*, of which her sentiments are displayed in the following extract of a letter written to a young friend who was just married.

“ I am very happy to find that you are determined neither to pay nor receive visits on a Sunday, but to devote that day to it's true purpose; in instructing your servants and poor neighbours.

“ You desire to have my list of books which I would recommend—you certainly shall; but I send you a publication which is a LIBRARY in itself; being truly (as it's title sets forth) *(a Repository of Religious Instructions, and Rational Amusement*. It is the FAMILY MAGAZINE. It was published in Numbers monthly, at the moderate price of six-pence each—and when you read it you will be amazed that it should meet with so little encouragement, as to be dropped in the middle of the second year. I have recommended it to many of my friends; I hope you will do all you can to make it generally known: I am of a sanguine disposition, and still flatter myself that the author might be induced to resume so pleasing and useful a work: for novelty has irresistible charms, and reading is now become so general, that a constant supply of something *new* of such a kind, can alone save our households from
contaminating

contaminating their minds with novels, songs, and plays.

“Reading is a dangerous talent, unless the common people are directed in their choice of books; were they confined to the perusal of Mrs. Trimmer's publications for their use, I should rejoice to see our domestics with a book in their hands, &c.”

GOD'S FAMILY.

SEE where stands the cottage of the labourer; covered with warm thatch; the mother is spinning at the door; the young children sport before her on the grass; the elder ones learn to labour, and are obedient. The father worketh to provide them food: either he tilleth the ground, he gathereth in the corn, or shaketh his ripe apples from the tree: his children run to meet him when he cometh home, and his wife prepareth the wholesome meal.

The father, the mother, and the children, make a family; the father is the master thereof. If the family is numerous, and the grounds are large, there are servants to help to do the work: all these dwell in one house;

house; they sleep beneath one roof; they eat of the same bread; they kneel down together and praise God every night and morning with one voice; they are very closely united, and are dearer to each other than any strangers. If one is sick, they mourn together; and if one is happy, they rejoice together.

Many houses are built together; many families live near one another; they meet together on the green, and in pleasant walks, and to buy and sell, and in the house of justice; and the sound of the bell calleth them to the house of God in company. If one is poor, his neighbour helpeth him; if he is sad, he comforteth him. This is a village; see where it stands enclosed in a green shade, and the tall spire peeps above the trees. If there be very many houses, it is a town—it is governed by a magistrate.

Many towns, and a large extent of country, make a kingdom: it is enclosed by mountains; it is divided by rivers; it is washed by seas; the inhabitants thereof are countrymen; they speak the same language; they make war and peace together—a king is the ruler thereof.

Many kingdoms, and countries full of people, and islands, and large continents, and different climates, make up this whole world—God governeth it. The people swarm upon

upon the face of it like ants upon a hillock : some are black with the hot sun, some cover themselves with furs against the cold, some drink of the fruit of the vine, some the pleasant milk of the cocoa-nut, and others quench their thirst with the running stream.

All are God's family ; He knoweth every one of them, as a shepherd knoweth his flock : they pray to Him in different languages, but He understandeth them all ; He heareth them all : he taketh care of all : none are so great, that He cannot punish them ; none are so mean, that He will not protect them.

Negro woman, who fittest pining in captivity, and weepest over thy sick child, though no one seeth thee, God seeth thee ; though no one pitieth thee, God pitieth thee : raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one ; call upon Him from amidst thy bonds, for assuredly He will hear thee.

Monarch, that rulest over an hundred states, whose frown is terrible as death, and whose armies cover the land, boast not thyself as though there were none above thee :— God is above thee : His powerful arm is always over thee ; and if thou doest ill, assuredly He will punish thee.

Nations of the earth fear the Lord ; families of men call upon the name of your God.

Is there any one whom God hath not made?
 Let him not worship Him, is there any one
 whom He hath not blessed? Let him not
 praise Him.

H Y M N.

THEE will I thank, and day by day
 Form to Thy praise the joyful lay;
 From morn to eve the song extend,
 Thee boast my Father; Thee my Friend;
 While pleas'd each heart of humble frame
 Shall wake, great God, to hear Thy fame.

O come, your voice triumphant raise,
 And sing with *Me* your Maker's praise.
 O taste with *me*, O taste and prove
 The blessings of His boundless Love.
 Hail, Saviour of the human race!
 Hail, Fountain of exhaustless grace!
 Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,
 Nor own nor ask a help but Thine.

THE COUNTRY MAID.

WHAT happiness the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent;
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
Her homespun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace.
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool.
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

PSALM cxxxiii.

SWEET is the love that mutual glows
Within each brother's breast;
And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
All blessing and all blest.
Sweet as the odorous balsam pour'd
On Aaron's sacred head,
Which o'er his beard, and down his vest,
A breathing fragrance shed.

Like

Like morning dew on Sion's mount
 That spread their silver rays,
 And deck with gems the verdant pomp;
 Which Hermon's top displays.
 To such the Lord of life and love
 His blessing shall extend:
 On earth a life of joy and peace,
 And life that ne'er shall end.

WORDLY ANXIETY REPROVED.

WHY do I thus perplex
 My life a breath of air,
 With fears of distant ills, and vex
 My heart with fruitless care?

Can thought and toil increase
 My day's appointed sum?
 Why waste I then my time, my peace,
 To hoard for years to come?

These covetous desires,
 These restless cares I leave
 To them whose hope at death expires,
 And who in chance believe.

Will He whose bounty gave
My life, it's food deny?
Who form'd my nature apt to crave,
It's cravings not supply?

Behold the flowers that grow,
That for the furnace stand,
With what rich dyes their garments glow
Without the lab'ring hand.

The tribes that wing the sky,
That neither sow nor reap,
Send up to God their daily cry,
Who gives them food and sleep.

Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay:
The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

To nobler work apply'd
My soul shall upwards climb;
And trust my Father to provide
The needful things of time.

PSALM-

PSALM-SINGING.

THE Church Triumphant and the Church below,
 In songs of praise their present union show;
 Their joys are full; our expectation long;
 In life we differ; but we join in song:
 Angels, and we, assisted by this art,
 May sing together, though we dwell apart.

NIGHT.

THE glorious sun is set in the west; the
 night-dews fall; and the air which was sultry,
 becomes cool.

The flowers fold up their coloured leaves;
 they fold themselves up, and hang their heads
 on the slender stalk.

The chickens are gathered together under
 the wing of the hen, and are at rest; the hen
 herself is at rest also.

The little birds have ceased their warbling;
 they are asleep on the boughs, each one with
 his head behind his wing,

There

There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or amongst the honied woodbines; they have done their work, and lie close in their waxen cells.

The sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongst the hills.

There is no sound of a number of voices, or of children at play, or the trampling of busy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro.

The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil; nor the harsh saw of the carpenter.

All men are stretched on their quiet beds; and the child sleeps upon the breast of it's mother.

Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who taketh care of all people when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approacheth?

There is an eye that never sleepeth; there is an eye that seeth in dark night, as well as in the bright sun-shine.

When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds, that eye seeth every where, in all places, and watcheth continually over all the families of the earth.

The

The eye that sleepeth not is God's; His hand is always stretched out over us.

He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary: He made night, that we might sleep in quiet.

As the mother moveth about the house with her finger on her lips, and stilleth every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed; as she draweth the curtains around it's bed, and shutteth out the light from it's tender eyes, so God draweth the curtains of darkness around us; so He maketh all things to be hushed and still, that His large family may sleep in peace.

Labourers spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly, for God watcheth over you.

You may sleep, for He never sleeps; you may close your eyes in safety, for His eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning-sun strike through your eye-lids, begin the day with praising God, who hath taken care of you through the night.

Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell sweet to his praise.

Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs; sing to Him before you sing to your mates.

Let

lie
we

REM

Unv

His

And

In fu

He f

His

Nor

A de

Of m

The S

And t

When

The S

I ne'e

Nor h

To rea

For m

He ch

Who h

When

The li

Was a

Let His praise be in our hearts, when we
lie down; let His praise be on our lips when
we awake.

THE WISE SHEPHERD.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain:
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and pen'd his fold;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew.
A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;

G

Hence

Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the Bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful Ant,
And not provide for future want?
My Dog (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way;
And in my service copy *Tray*.

In constancy, and mutual love
I learn my duty from the Dove.
The Hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care,
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large
Instructs me in a Parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule
To shun contempt and ridicule,
I never with important air
In conversation overbear;
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn Owl despise?

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain;
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who listens to the chatt'ring Pye?

Nor would I with felonious flight
By stealth invade my neighbour's right;
Rapacious animals we hate
Kites, Hawks and Wolves deserve their fate,

Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the Toad* and Serpent kind?
But envy, calumny and spite
Bear stronger venom in their bite:

Thus ev'ry object of Creation
Can furnish hints for contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies,
Thy VIRTUE proves Thee truly WISE;
Pride often guides the Author's pen,
Books as affected are as men;
But he who studies nature's laws
From certain Truth his maxims draws:
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men MORAL, GOOD and WISE.

OBSERVE the ant, for she instructs the man,
And preaches labour, gath'ring all she can;
Then brings it to encrease her heap at home,
Against the winter which she knows will come;
And when that comes she creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home and feasts upon her store.

* Toads are really harmless.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.

In tender grafs He makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
And leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And to His endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In His most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death
From fear and danger free ;
For why ? His aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

In presence of my spiteful foes
He does my table spread,
He crowns my cup with chearful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

Since God does thus His wond'rous love
Through all my life extend ;
That life to Him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

BIRDS.

BIRDS.

WAKE, all ye mounting tribes, and sing
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise,
 To Him who shap'd your finer mold,
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

Ye Birds, exalt your Maker's name,
 Begin, and with th' important theme
 Your artless lays improve:
 Wake with your songs the rising day,
 Let music sound from ev'ry spray,
 And fill the vocal grove.

SONNET.

HOW sweet Thy dwellings, Lord, how fair!
 What peace, what bliss, inhabit there!
 Eternal King, within Thy dome
 The sparrow finds her peaceful home;
 With her the dove, a licens'd guest,
 Assiduous tends her infant nest.

And to Thy altar's sure defence
Commits th' unfeather'd innocence.
Blest, who, like these, from day to day
Within Thy house permitted stay;
Whose joyous tongue Thy mercies raise
To hymns of gratitude and praise.
Blest, who in confidence of pray'r
To Thee, Great God, resign their care.

HYMN

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

HOW admirable are the Works of God!
How excellent the operations of His hands!

I considered plants, and animals; four-footed beasts, and creeping things.

In all was manifested infinite wisdom, and an excellent workmanship, that I could not comprehend.

Yet so much was made known unto me, as declared the power and goodness of God; and the continued agency of the Great Creator, and Lord of all things.

I beheld

I beheld the Caterpillar issuing from it's egg, on the very plant needful for it's support.

For there the parent fly had placed it, that it might have whereon to feed.

It enjoys the repast, it weaveth it's web, and, preparing for it's end, buildeth itself a rich tomb.

It resteth from it's labours; and sleepeth the sleep of death.

At the appointed time it is raised again, and the Great Creator of all things giveth it a new life.

It leaveth it's ashes in the tomb, and ascends, with a more beauteous form, into the regions of the air.

How glorious are it's wings! and it's limbs how delicate!

It is covered with a rich plumage; and and furnished with myriads of eyes, to behold all around.

With it's trunk* it surpasseth the art of the Chemist; and extracteth from flowers the most delicious sweets.

* All Flies, as well as the Bee, are furnished with a trunck, or sucker, with which those who feed on flowers, extract their rich juice for sustenance, though they do not lay up honey.

It

It forsakes the leaf where it was first nourished, rejoicing in the bounty of it's Maker.

But, at His command, it is mindful of it's offspring, and provides for the safety and sustenance thereof.

With anxious care it seeketh out the plant, which God hath given for it's infant worms.

Though itself feedeth not thereon, neither careth for the verdant leaves, yet is it led with unerring search, and never faileth in it's choice.

It curiously spreadeth forth it's eggs; and, without thought, fulfilleth it's appointed task.

The Lord, who withheld *reason* from these, hath given them *instinct*, a surer guide.

What spirit ruleth in them, O Lord, Thou only knowest; let us behold their operations, and humbly adore.

The Bee just raised to life, without a teacher, skilfully forms her cell.

The Sage's art is known to her: she has discovered the most capacious form, and the best division of space.

Without scale or compass, she nicely measureth her work, and with great care strengtheneth it's foundations.

She layeth her foundations in the upper part; she buildeth downwards, even unto the ground; and exquisitely finisheth her work; surpassing the art of man.

The

The Bird, fluttering from it's parent nest needs no instruction to fulfil her task.

Who taught her to rear an habitation for her young? To build with unerring skill; and exactly to form the structure peculiar to her kind?

Who informed her that she should lay her eggs; and that she should want a nest to preserve them from destruction?

Who told her it's proportion and extent? and the number of her young that should have life?

Who enabled her to know times and seasons? and to provide that her work might be finished ere she should bring forth?

Who counselled her to forbear her wonted flights; and patiently to sit brooding on her young?

O, that I had understanding to know the ways of God; that I might learn to praise my Maker; and become wise by the instruction around me!

Wilt not Thou, O Lord! who raiseth the Caterpillar from it's tomb, raise Man also from the dust of death?*

* From this verse to the end there is a reference to the New Testament. See Luke xi. 13. Matt. vi. 46, and vii. 11. Psalm ci. 6. 1 Pet. ii. 5, and 9. Rev. i. 6. Ephes. ii. 18, and iii. 12. Acts viii. 1, and 12.

Wilt not Thou, who teachest the fowls of the air to fulfil their appointed task, guide the sons of men, by Thy Spirit, to do Thy will?

Wilt not Thou, who so plentifully pourest forth Blessings upon all Thy creatures, appoint good things for those that fear Thy name?

I know, O Lord, that Thou art good; and therefore doth my heart give thanks unto Thee.

O praise the God of Heaven, whose mercy is extended over all.

Let every thing that hath breath praise Him; and let Man, the Priest of the Creation, offer up a sacrifice of Thanksgiving unto the Most Highest. Even a sacrifice accepted through the Mediation of the Redeemer; by whom, though we be encompassed with infirmities, we have access unto the Living God.



F I N I S.

S
P
Wat
Chil
Foxe
Wat
sha
Mrs.
The
Short
Ma
Scrip
Ma
A Bo
Scrip
A Bo

BOOKS

RECOMMENDED TO

SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

SHORT and Easy Catechism, M. P. Marshall.

Price 1d.

Watts's First Catechism, Price 2d.

Child's First Lessons in Religion. Marshall. Price 1d.

Foxe's Lessons, Price 3d.

Watts's Divine Songs for Children, with cuts. Marshall. Price 6d.

Mrs. Trimmer's Comment of the above, Price 6d.

The Young Christian instructed in Reading, Price 6d.

Short Sermons to Children, with Hymns, *by a Lady*.
Marshall. Price 6d.

Scripture Prints from the Old Testament, sewed.
Marshall. Price 10d.

A Book of Description ditto. Price sewed, 6d.

Scripture Prints from the New Testament. Price 1s. 8d.

A Book of Description ditto. Marshall. Price 1s.

BOOKS Recommended to

A small Abridgement of the Bible, Birmingham printed. Price 9d.

The Servant's Friend, an exemplary Tale. Price 9d.

The Two Farmer's, an exemplary Tale. Price 9d.

Maxims, or Words of the Wife. Marshall. Price 2d.

The Poor Man's Innocent Recreation. Marshall. Price 2d.

Hymns in Prose for Children, Price 1s.

Sunday Scholar's Manual. *Mrs. Trimmer*. Price 1s.

Catechist for the Visiter. *Mrs. Trimmer*. Price 2s.

An Attempt to Familiarize the Catechism. *Mrs. Trimmer*. Price 6d.

A short Address to the Children of Sunday Schools. Price 1s. 6d.

The Book of Nature; or, the True Sense of Things explained and made Easy to the Capacities of Children, Price 1s. 3d.

Watts's Second Catechism. Price 6d.

For the Entertainment of Little Ones at Home.

Virtue in a Cottage. Marshall. Price 3d.

The Life of John Trueman, &c.

Mrs. Norton's Story Book. Marshall. Price 6d.

Dialogue for Sunday Scholars. Marshall. Price 3d.

SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

To Lend to Parents.

Friendly Remonstrance and Address. *Mrs. Trimmer.*
Price 3d.

The Christian Method of Education. *Wilson.*
Price 3d.

Sermons for Sunday Scholars, by a *Layman.* Price
1s. 6d.

Stonhouse's Chief Truths and Duties, Price 3d.

The Principles of Religion. *Greene.* Price 3d.

Greene's Instructions to the Poor. Price 3d.

Short Lectures from the Works of various Divines.
Marshall. Price 2d.

Address to a Patient. *Stonhouse.* Price 2d.

Spiritual Direction to the uninstructed. *Stonhouse.*
Price 2d.

The Family Magazine, half bound, Price 10s. 6d.

Or in Numbers, 6d. each. *Marshall.*

Tracts from the Cheap Repository.

The History of Isaac Jenkins.

Three Village Stories. *Marshall.* Price 1s.

Domestic Happiness improved, altered from a Work
of Mr. Hanway, by *Mrs. Trimmer.*

BOOKS Recommended, &c.

Sheets for Pasting and Hanging up.

The Way to Wealth.

Maxims for Servants. Marshall.

Self-Discourse or, a Christian's Duty.

The Interest of the Poor.

With various others of the same kind.

Sheets from the Cheap Repository

[Faint, illegible text from bleed-through]